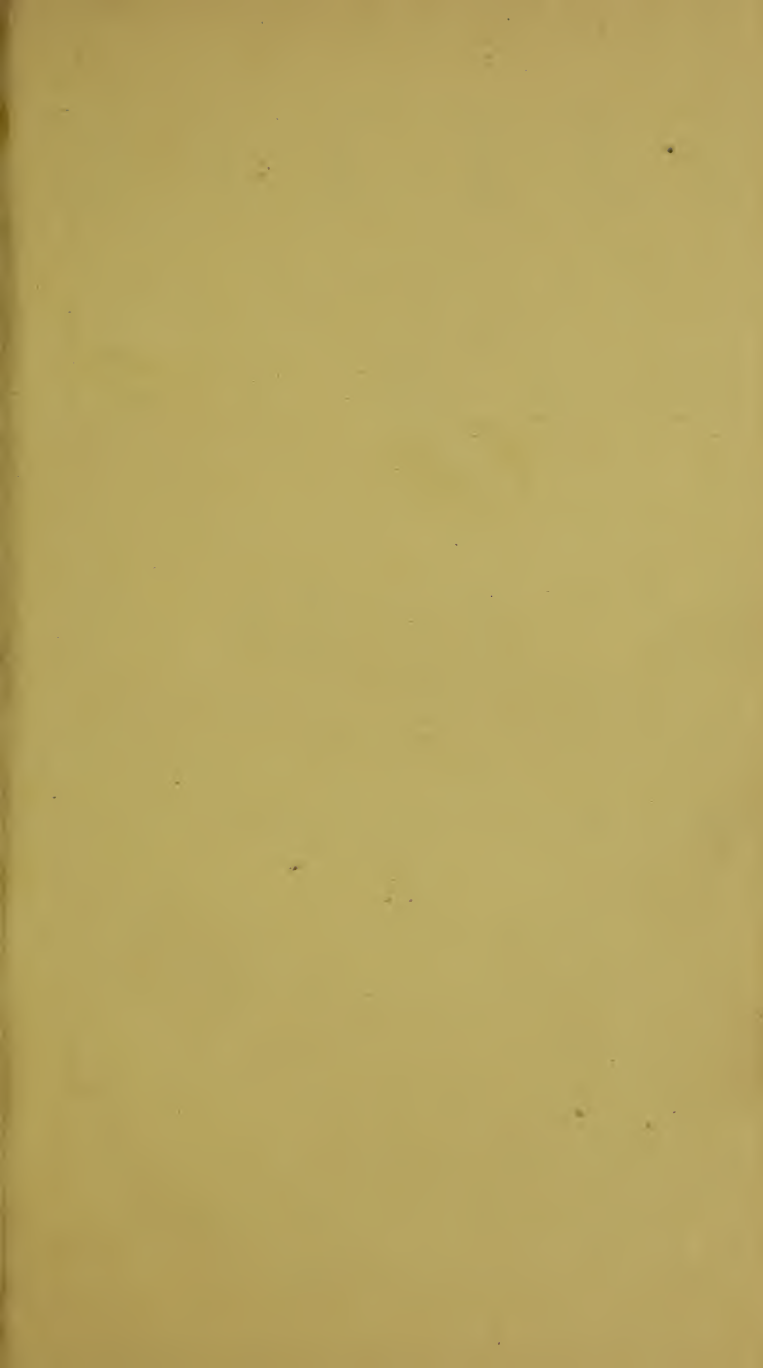


M. E. BARRY.



2/-

THE
BATTLE
OF THE
SEXES:
A
POEM.

*Paribus se legibus ambæ
Invidiæ Gentes æterna in fœdera mittant.*
Virg.

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

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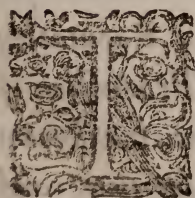
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THE PREFACE.



THE following Copy of Verses has been printed more correctly than could have been reasonably expected, in a Thing published without the Writer's Knowledge ; and a great many undeserved Compliments are passed upon him in the Preface ; so that he is utterly prevented from alledging what is usual in such Cases, The Necessity of doing Justice.

to himself. But there is a much better Reason for giving the Reader this Trouble, which is the doing Justice to another. Mr. Addison, in the Guardian, N^o. 152. has printed an Allegory, which is the Argument of these Stanzas. He design'd to have written a whole Canto in the Spirit of Spencer upon the Contention for Superiority between the two Sexes, which gave the Hint to a meaner Hand, to build upon that Foundation, who has found it much easier to imitate the Stanza than the Spirit of that excellent Poet.

It would be a mortifying Consideration for any Man, who hop'd to establish a Reputation by Composition, to reflect, that a Production of one of our finest Wits should be so much unknown to the World, as to be mistaken for new, and attributed to a wrong Person, a little while after it had been dispers'd in loose Papers in Coffee-Houses, nay, and reprinted even with the Author's Name. The Fable was plainly intended, as that great Man's Works generally
were,

were, to promote the Interest of *Virtue*, for which very Reason, perhaps, it sunk in Oblivion, while several other Pieces, far less valuable, have been more frequently read, and more loudly applauded. There are never wanting Miscreants ('tis an authoriz'd Term) who admire no Part of Milton, so much as his political Prose, and who would prefer a Marvel to a Spencer.

'Tis hoped it will not be thought Arrogance to have made a few Alterations in the Plan, which seems not altogether finish'd. The War is carried on chiefly by Auxiliaries not belonging to either Sex, though there seems a Necessity they should be either Male or Female, and consequently they might as well have been mustered as such. The Sexes of the Combatants are seldom mark'd; nay, Modesty, the peculiar Character of Women, is called a Hero, which supposes it a Virtue of the Masculine Gender. The Sexes here are always distinguish'd and maintain their own Cause ;

Cause ; since People generally fight their own Battles best : For he must be a consummate Politician indeed, who by forming Barriers and Alliances can make Men more concern'd for others than for themselves.

There is but one other change of Mr. Addison's Expression, which need be taken Notice of. The Gods and Hymen are left out, and Angels and Marriage substituted in their Places. As long as the Heathen Polytheism was established, and according to Hobbs's Definition of Religion, Tales feigned in private, were believ'd publickly ; those Machines might reasonably contribute to the Marvellous in Poetry, without appearing Monstrous and Incredible : but having been long universally disbelieved, they now transgress all Bounds of Probability. Besides, they are necessarily obscure to most Readers, since it requires a competent Share of Learning to understand the Allusions to antiquated Fables ; not to insist upon what Boswell grants, that the Shell of the antient Allegories

legories was more calculated to do Mischief, than the Moral was to do Service to Mankind. Though 'tis a very doubtful Point, whether generally speaking, the poetical Fictions were at first design'd to have any Moral at all. Neither is it impracticable to be a compleat Poet upon a Christian Scheme; if any one thinks so, let him read *Paradise Lost*. Yet the Majority of Modern Poets stand up stily for an indefeazible Right to their old Heathenism; and some of them seem by their Writings to take in the Agenda, as well as Credenda of that No-Religion, and to be Pagans in Practice as well as Belief.

If the following Lines should be peremptorily pronounced to have nothing Poetical in them, because utterly destitute of Gods and Goddesses, the Author will be very easy upon that Head, if it may be allowed him to have given any Hints not unprofitable for the Conduct of Life: To this End he has expatiated in drawing the Characters much farther than was requisite, merely

merely with a *View to the Battle of the Sexes.*
For he had rather be of some Use to a single
Reader, than without that degree of Usefulness
to be esteemed the best Poet that ever
wrote.



To the unknown Author of the
BATTLE of the SEXES. By Mr.
Christopher Pitt, of New College, Oxon.

THE Theme in other Works for ev'ry Part,
Supplies Materials to the Builder's Art ;
To build from *Matter* is sublimely Great,
But Gods and Poets only can create ;
And such are You ; their Privilege You claim,
To show Your Wonders, but conceal Your Name ;
For as the Soul You paint, in secret Reigns,
Each Part, and Nerve invisibly sustains ;
Your self unseen, but in th' Effects remains.

Like some establish'd King, without Controul,
You take a Gen'ral Progress thro' the Soul ;
Survey each Part ; examine every Side,
Where she's secure, and where unfortify'd ;
In faithful Lines her History declare,
And trace the Fortunes of her Civil War ;

Your Pen no partial Prejudices fway,
But Truth decides, and Vertue wins the Day.

Thro' what gay Fields, and Fairy Scenes we pass,
Where Fancy sports, and Fiction leads the Chace;
Where Life, when thro' her various Acts she tends,
Like other Comedies, in Marriage ends.

What PLATO once conceiv'd, Your Muse has told,
For Vertue here in Person we behold;
What Muse, but *Your's*, so justly could display,
Th' embattl'd Passions marshall'd in Array?
Bid the rang'd Appetites in Order move,
Give Lust a Figure, and a Shape to Love?
To airy Notions, solid Forms dispense,
And make our *Thoughts* the Images of *Sense*!
Discover all this rational Machine,
And show the Movements, Springs, and Wheels, within.

But *Marriage* waves his Torch ; all Discords cease,
 All parly, drop their Arms, and sue for Peace ;
 Soon as the Signal flames, they quit the Fight ;
 For all at first but differ'd to unite.
 From every Part the Lines in Order move,
 And sweetly center in the Point of Love.
 Let Blockheads to the musty Schools repair,
 And poach for Morals and the Passions there,
 Where Vertue like a Dwarf in Giant's Arms,
 Cumber'd with Words, and manacled in Terms,
 Serves to amuse the Philosophic Fool,
 By Method dry, and regularly dull.
 Who sees thy Lines so visibly express
 The Soul Her-self, in such a pleasing Dress ;
 May from thy Labours be convinc'd and taught,
 How SPENCER would have *Sung*, and PLATO *Thought*,

To the Author of the BATTLE
of the SEXES. By Mr. Cooke.

Nequal'd Bard, could I, in equal Lays,
U With your Deserts, or my Ambition praise;
I'd shew the World where just Applause is due,
And *merit* much my self, in *praising* You.

Mean as it is, accept the artless Song,
Nor scorn the Tribute of a Bard so young.
'Tis Glory to attempt, may that be mine;
The greater Glory, to perform, be thine.

In elder Times, when blest ELIZA reign'd,
And SPENCER form'd (great Work!) a *Fairy Land*;
Thrice happy Soil! where as the Lawrel grew,
And Ivy flourish'd o'er the Warrior's Brow;
And crown'd the Poet, Critick, Soldier too;
SIDNEY arose, the Lustre of the Age,
Who knew the Worth of the mysterious Page;

Few such, if any, present Days can boast ;

Fable is gone, and *Allegory's* lost.

Sing-Song-Sonata's all the *Age* can love,

Harmonious Nonsense will their Bosoms move,

While the fall'n Patriot, or the Virtuous Maid,

By Stars adverse, or perjur'd Vows, betray'd,

Sigh to thin *Benches* their unheeded Pain ;

And buskin'd Heroes moralize in vain.

Oh ! *Britons*, dare to aspire to *British* Fame !

Heirs to your Fathers' Virtues, as their Name.

Go on great Bard ; SPENCER, a glorious Shade,

(If human Actions reach the blissful Dead.)

With Joy looks down to see a Son arise,

That thus on Earth the Father's Place supplies ;

With Joy he sees you *modestly* excel,

And pleas'd beholds you imitate so well.

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THE
BATTLE
OF THE
SEXES.

[design'd,
THOU for whose View these Numbers are
A while with Favour, patiently attend,
Smile, and begin not now to be unkind,
But tho' the Poet please not, spare the Friend.
And thou, dear Object of my growing Love,
Whom now I must not, or I dare not name,
Approve my Verse, which shines if you approve ;
Let giddy Madmen court delusive Fame ;

Let your Acceptance sweet o'erpay my Toil :
 Let Age and Rigour frown, so Youth and Beauty smile.

II.

Of Arms, which fierce contending Sexes bore,
 I sing ; and Wars for Fame and Empire made.
 Despotick Man rul'd with tyrannick Pow'r,
 Obey'd, but with Reluctance still obey'd ;
 With Words his long disputed Cause he tries,
 But Woman's equal Wit disdains to yield :
 At length to Arms ungen'rously he flies :
 As quick the Female takes the proffer'd Field ;
 Each their superior Merit to maintain,
 For Man was learn'd, and proud ; and Woman fair,
[and vain.

III.

A Plain there was call'd *Life*, extended wide,
 To which a single painful Passage led,
 With num'rous Outlets plac'd on ev'ry Side ;
 Scenes smiling fair the Prospect overspread ;

Flourets,

Flourets, and Myrtles fragrant, seem'd to rise.
 All was at Distance sweet, but near at Hand
 The gay Deceit mock'd the desiring Eyes,
 With Thorns, and desert Heath, and barren Sand.
 Severest Change afflicts th' uncertain Air,
 Expos'd to Summer Suns, to Blasts of Winter bare.

IV.

'Twas here each Sex their Field of Battle chose,
 The narrow Entrance by Consent they past ;
 But enter'd, soon their Enmity disclose,
 And to their different Standards march with Haste.
 Before directing Reason yet awoke,
 Was Passion taught them ev'n in Infant Age,
 While antient Sires the kindling Sparks provoke,
 And warning Dames impertinently sage.
 Thus either Sex in mutual Feuds combin'd,
 As tho' for Wars and Hate, by Nature's God design'd.

V.

Brigades of crafty Neuters hov'ring lay
 Camp'd on the Margin of the spacious Plain,
 To wait the doubtful Fortune of the Day ;
 And publick Loss improve to private Gain.
 Detested Prudence ! others nobler far
 Their unresolving March to neither bend,
 Purpos'd in Friendship to compose the Jar,
 Or timely Succour to th' Oppress'd to send.
 Here *Marriage* chaste, there *Love* the Conqu'ror
 Adverse to ranging *Lust*, and groveling *Avarice*.

VI.

The Women first, quick to Revenge, were seen
 In shining rich enamell'd Arms advance ;
 Like antient *Spartans*, o'er the level Green,
 To breathing Flutes they trod a measur'd Dance,
 Dreadful to Man so moving ! strait in Air,
 Male Banners wave, while sounding Trumpets
 Kind-

Kindles in martial Breasts stern Love of War,
 Deliberate Valour and Contempt of Death.
 Furious they charge, while *Fortitude*, their Guide
 Conspicuous in the Van, his Female Foes defy'd.

VII.

In freshest Pride of Life, and Strength of Years,
 (The Male Battalions worthy to command)
 In Times of Danger unappall'd with Fears,
 A Chieftain swift of Foot, and strong of Hand ;
 Nor tir'd with Labours, nor dismay'd with Pains,
 Arm'd at all Points, a Stranger to Despair ;
 He dreads not Treason, and he Force disdains ;
 In bitter Taunts he thus accosts the Fair.
 By Women charg'd shall Warriors back recoil ?
 Sharp Swords and pointed Spears shall feeble Distaffs
 [foil ?

VIII.

Beauty, great Gen'ral of the Female War,
 Sprung from the Front with *Fortitude* t'engage ;

Too

Too slight for Toils her slender Limbs appear,
 Yet stoutest Heroes trembled at her Rage.
 Stiff Ribs of Whale her Coat of Mail compos'd ;
 Compos'd with Art, her taper Waist to show.
 A Beavor wrought with black her Helmet clos'd,
 Which by the Name of Mask the Moderns know.
 Each Step, each Motion, shot an artless Grace :
 She seem'd of Conquest sure, sure e'en without her
 [Face.

IX.

The warlike Virgin, and the Heroe, chose
 In diff'rent Ways to wage an equal Fight ;
 With Giant Strength he heaps redoubled Blows ;
 Of Force inferior she depends on flight ;
 Eluding furious Strokes by quick Retreat,
 Long Time she wards, and wary shifts her Place ;
 At length her Helm his Sword descending met,
 And of her sable Vizard cut the Lace ;

Millions of sudden Charms discover'd lye,
 Her Skin, her Hair, her Brows, her Cheek, her Lip,
 [her Eye.

X.

Disdainful Frowns and Smiles alternate rise,
 Swift to her Cheeks the lovely Crimson streams,
 While kindling Rage darts Lightning from her
 [Eyes,
 And adds new Brightness to their native Beams;
 Nor shalt thou boast, th'undaunted Virgin said,
 Nor am I yet defenceless, and o'erthrown.
 His forward Foot the shrinking Warrior stay'd,
 Damp'd with resistless Fear, 'till then unknown.
 Th' enchanting Voice his inmost Nerves unstrung;
 And what her Eyes began, she perfects with her
 [Tongue.

XI.

But *Wisdom* next slow marching to his Aid,
 In heavy Armor took the doubtful Field;
 Temper'd his Helm, by wondrous Magick made;
 And Proof to Witchcraft was his pondrous Shield.

Calm

Calm without Fear, and fervent without Rage,
 In Action quick, and wary to advise ;
 He seem'd advanc'd to more than middle Age,
 For when had Youth the Leisure to be wise ?
 Valiant to charge, but not too proud to fly ;
 Resolv'd his lifted Arm, and quick his piercing Eye.

XII.

Now *Beauty* small avails, for *Wisdom* knows
 How soon her transitory Glories fail,
 That Age brings languid Eyes, and wither'd Brows,
 Her Hairs all hoary, and her Face all pale.
 The more he view'd, he view'd with less Applause :
 Whom Rage distorted, and whom Pride deform'd ;
 Sternly his unrelenting Sword he draws,
 Nor by her Looks, nor by her Language warm'd.
 Scarce could frail Beauty stand his awful View,
 When timely to her Aid deep-mining *Cunning* flew.

XIII.

Artful her Bosom heav'd, her rolling Eyes
 Allur'd with Glances whom in Heart she scorn'd ;
 Sweet flow'd her Words with ever-pleasing Lies,
 An Infant Lisp her double Tongue adorn'd.
 Her Feet half dancing, negligently pac'd ;
 Her Motion, nay, her Rest was all Design ;
 Her Arms a Scarf, and Ribband Bridle grac'd,
 Whose Colours glorious in the Sun-beams shine,
 Their Hue still varying with the changing Place,
 Yet each alternate Dye was suited to her Face.

XIV.

The Springs and Passions of the secret Mind,
 The wily Sorcerers could surely move ;
 Now cruel false, now seeming faithful kind,
 With well dress'd Hate, and well dissembled Love ;
 Fast fell her Tears, obedient to her Will,
 A side-long Glance her roving Eyes would throw ;

Simple in Shew, and innocent of Skill,
 Observing most what least she seem'd to know ;
 Then farthest off when most approaching near,
 Was never Fraud so deep, in Semblance so sincere.

XV.

A fierce and dubious Conflict now began ;
Cunning, great Engineer of Womankind,
Wisdom, main Champion for contending Man,
 Met, wondring each, their Match in Arms to find ;
 Equal the Fight while both their Station held ;
 While neither Chief the adverse Camp invades,
 But furious Onsets either Part repell'd,
 By warlike Wiles, and viewless Ambuscades ;
 Their Safety not in Strength, but flying stood,
 They conquer'd who retir'd, they yielded who pur-
[su'd.

XVI.

Mean Time far to the Left great *Patience* fought,
 Experienc'd Vet'ran, harden'd in Alarms ;

His Mail seem'd Proof 'gainst mortal Fury
 Yet Furrows deep indent his battered Arms, ^{[wrought,}
 Loss with persisting Diligence he retriev'd,
 Arm'd by his present Ills for future Wars;
 Leader of Men, Wounds had he oft' receiv'd,
 Nobly deform'd with honourable Scars;
 A branching Palm the Chieftain's Target bore,
 Whose Boughs the more oppress, superior rise the ^{[more.}

XVII.

Him *Scorn* oppos'd, an Amazonian Fair,
 Whose haughty Eyes were ever glanc'd askew;
 Her Neck writh'd backward with disdainful Air,
 As some distastful Sight offends her View.
 That silly Maid incurr'd her steady Hate
 That could to Man, tyrannick Fawner, bow.
 At Distance let the menial Spaniel wait,
 Or cringing at her Feet his Duty know.

Studious of Flight, she fear'd to trust her Feet,
 But rode a Moorish Barb, than Eastern Winds more
 [fleet.

XVIII.

Tho' Man as trodden Dirt her Soul despis'd,
 Yet ill her Habit, and her Words agree ;
 A manlike Hunter's Dress her Form disguis'd,
 Shafts at her Back, and Buskins to her Knee.
 She fought, like antient *Parthians*, flying fast,
 And frequent stop'd her swift Pursuers speed,
 Still as she shot redoubling straight her Haste,
 Quick born far distant by her light-foot Steed ;
 E'er on her Cask, her Foe-Man's Sword descends ;
 Who 'gainst impassive Air his idle Fury bends.

XIX.

At length oft wounded by her backward Dart,
 Dismounted *Patience* headlong greets the Plain ;
 The boastful Conqu'refs glories in his Smart,
 Stops, and alights, to view and mock his Pain.

The seeming breathless Champion light arose,
 By Wounds unweaken'd, fiercer for his Fall ;
 Nor could astonish'd *Scorn* his Force oppose ;
 Debarr'd of wonted Flight, a sudden Thrall :
 So dear th'unwary short-liv'd Brav'ry cost ;
 What Hours with Toil preserv'd, with Ease a Mo-
 [ment lost.

XX.

But now the neutral Troops to move began,
 Threatning the weary'd Hosts with fatal War ;
 Led by their Chieftain *Lust* a Giant Man,
 With boastful Voice, loud shouting from afar ;
 Like Mountain-Torrents swell'd by Winter-
 [Show'rs,
 Resistless, fierce he sweeps along the Plain ;
 His leprous Mouth a Flame infectious pours,
 Darting slow Death, and Strength-consuming Pain ;
 His ever-rolling Eyes like Beacons glare,
 Shagg'd as the Goat his Limbs, and black his brist-
 [ling Hair.

XXI.

Still to new Conquest eager he aspir'd,
 Leaving with Scorn whom he subdu'd in Fight ;
 'Gainst all Repulses steel'd, nor ever tir'd
 With toilsome Day, or ill succeeding Night.
 Active whene'er the lucky Moment call'd ;
 And least Advantage obstinate to press :
 His harden'd Front, unblushing, unappall'd,
 Laugh'd at Reproaches, and enjoy'd Disgrace ;
 Sporting with Oaths, unmov'd with Parent's
 With ruffled Virgin's Shrieks, or Infant's dying ^{[Moans,} Groans.

XXII.

His Shield was painted with lascivious Lies,
 Whoredoms Divine, devis'd to veil his Shame ;
 Of *Jove* the Thund'rer, and of *Phæbus* wife,
 The Bull, the Goat, the Serpent, and the Flame.
Diana Midwife Prude, by Day-light chaste
 Asleep lay pictur'd in *Endymion's* Arms ;

There

There *Bacchus*' Feasts, and *Venus*' Rites were
 With Philtres base, and Lust-compelling Charms, ^{[plac'd:}
 A Crest obscene o'er shades the Monster's Head ;
 A *Jove* in Eagle's Form, with ravish'd *Ganymede*.

XXIII.

'Gainst *Lust* the rash Coquets their Forces bent,
 But sunk beneath the Fury of the Storm.
 When *Modesty* from the main Army sent
 T' oppose his Rage advanc'd her Angel Form ;
 Skilful with Darts to wage an equal Fight,
 Her Arm resists not, but prevents the Blow ;
 A guiltless Blush crimsons her snowy White ;
 Her Voice reserv'dly soft, and sweetly low.
 Few Women Chiefs did like Perfection share,
 Scarce *Cunning* more of Might, or *Beauty* self more ^{[fair,}

XXIV.

The Championess quick seiz'd a rising Ground,
 Where Ramparts high by Parent Hands were ^{[wrought ;}
 Whose

Whose Fence the Giant traversing around,
 Now here, now there, in vain an Entrance sought.
 Upwards he press'd with unavailing Speed,
 Ardent in equal Fight his Foe t'assail ;
 Her ready Lance meets his aspiring Head,
 Strongly rebuff'd he tumbling strikes the Vale ;
 But undismay'd, upstarting from the Plain,
 Again he rises fierce, disgrac'd to fall again.

XXV.

Stunn'd with the Shock, the scarcely conqu'ring
 Now wisely meditates a distant Blow ; [Fair,
 A pond'rous Stone hurl'd through the whistling
 Prevents the grappling of her stronger Foe ; [Air,
 Full on his Helm the rocky Fragment fell,
 And foil'd in humble Dust his lofty Crest ;
 But Wounds on Wounds his Course in vain repel,
 For tenfold Fury fires his stubborn Breast ;

His glaring Eyes shot red revengeful Flame ;
 He roar'd, and would have blush'd, if capable of Shame ;

XXVI.

His Fraud (th' Artificer of Falshood) try'd
 In borrow'd Shape t'elude her wary Eye ;
 His Shield, and well known Casket thrown aside,
 Disguis'd like *Love*, he march'd as an Ally.
 With unsuspecting Faith the Maid believ'd,
 'Till now the Rampart's Top the Foe had gain'd ;
 Too late the lurking Treason she perceiv'd,
 Surpris'd un'wares, she scarce his Force sustain'd ;
 Courage her Heart, and Strength her Arm forsook ;
 Weak, sinking by Degrees ; faint, yielding to the
 [Shock,

XXVII.

The self-sufficient Prudes embattled stood
 Near Hand, but none t'assist the vanquish'd flies ;
 Their Neighbour Ranks they saw with Joy sub-
 [du'd,
 With spiteful Mirth triumphant in their Eyes ;

With Scoffs, and sage Reproaches they upbraid
 Those that o'erpower'd for Help or Pity call;
 And can they yield to *Lust*? in Rage they said,
 Unaided, friendless, let the Wretches fall.

Themselves were now assail'd, the rest o'erthrown,
 And Weakness scorn'd so late, too soon became their
 [own.

XXVIII.

At length the Chieftain Prude obstructs his Speed;
 (By Men call'd *Honour*, but by Angels *Pride*)
 On lowly Earth her Foot disdain'd to tread;
 High in a martial Carr she chose to ride:
 The Load Six dappled Coursers proudly drew,
 Their Harness bright with Tinsel overcast;
 Still as she rode a conscious Glance she threw,
 To mark what Gazers view'd her as she past.
 Studded with burnish'd Brass the Chariot shin'd,
 And drag'd with useless Pomp Six glitt'ring Slaves
 [behind.

XXIX.

She clanks her rattling Arms, and shouts aloud,
 Strengthen'd by num'rous Troops that gaz'd around;
 While *Lust* half faint, amidst the thronging Crowd,
 Himself on Foot a Match unequal found:
 He leaves the Field as desp'rate of Success,
 But with recruited Rage and Strength returns,
 Drawn by Eight Steeds, he breaks the wond'ring
 [Press;
 With Gold his Slaves are bright, his Chariot burns,
Pride turn'd her Reins, soon as his Carr she view'd
 The Monster shouts, she yields ! she flies to be pursu'd !

XXX.

Now sable-mantled Night advancing nigh,
 Colours, distinct before, confus'dly blends,
 While far from either Host the Chariots fly,
 'Till *Honour* tir'd, to Parley condescends,
 And deigns submit her haughty Crest to lower;
 For Privacy she deems her Shame will screen:

No more defying, striking now no more,
 Since nor her Vaunts are heard, nor Prowess seen,
 She yields a willing Captive to his Might,
 Obscur'd in guilty Clouds of all concealing Night.

XXXI.

From yielded *Honour* *Last* returning flew,
 Where camp'd in Rest the Male Battalions lay,
 And rous'd their weary'd Host with Battle new,
 With Rage still fiercest when remote from Day.
 Not all the Noon-tide Heat and Toil of War,
 Equall'd the Dangers of this Midnight Hour ;
 The Cent'ry sink, unnerv'd with sudden Fear,
 And Groans of Wretches speak the Victor's Pow'r ;
 'Till spread from Rank to Rank th'Alarm was
 [heard,
 Where *Reason*, wakeful Chief, his utmost Tent up-
 [rear'd.

XXXII.

From Courts and Cities frequent he retir'd,
 Rev'rend his hoary Head, in Council sage ;

Scorn'd

Scorn'd in Extremes, and in Extremes admir'd ;
 Decry'd in Youth, and idoliz'd in Age ;
 His Voice was small, and still, and rarely known
 Where direful Trumpets vex the troubled Air,
 He starts from Earth where arm'd his Limbs were
 His Squadrons Fate or to revenge, or share. ^{[thrown,}
 Your enter'd Camp from swift Destruction keep,
 Or instant rous'd awake, or slain for ever sleep.

XXXIII.

He spake ; they rise obedient to his Call,
 Who near their Chief their ready Tents had plac'd ;
 Yet baffled soon the Conqu'rors Prey they fall,
 Their Leader standing but to yield the last.
 A while unconquer'd prov'd his aged Arm,
 A while his Fortune hung in equal Scale.
 He sunk, enfeebled as he grew more warm ;
 But *Lust* press'd on, accusom'd to prevail,

With Strength unbated by laborious Sweat ;
 Greatest when most oppos'd, increasing with his Heat.

XXXIV.

Now ruddy Morn purpled the glowing East,
 And shew'd the Waste the Monster's Rage had
 Whose Force nor Floods, nor Mountains could re-^{[made ;}
 Nor Brafs, nor Di'mond Barriers, could have stay'd.^{[sift ;}
 At length both shatter'd Hosts their Counsels bent
 How surest to revenge their common Foil ;
 Made wise by Smart, a Champions they sent,
 Whose Arm alone was equal to the Toil ;
 Sometimes on Earth by *Virtue's* Title fam'd,
 By wiser Angel Minds Divine *Religion* nam'd.

XXXV.

Mild, sweet, serene, and chearful was her Mood ;
 Nor grave with Sternness, nor with Lightness free ;
 Against Example resolutely good ;
 Fervent in Zeal, and warm in Charity :

Who

Who ne'er forfook her Faith for Love of Peace;
 Nor fought with Fire and Sword to show her Zeal;
 Duteous to Princes, when they most oppress;
 Patient in bearing Ill, and doing well;
 In Pray'rs, and Tears, she fought and found De-
 Nor rais'd rebellious Arms to strengthen Providence^{[fence,}

XXXVI.

Her prudent Care was fix'd on Heaven's Height;
 Yet by her Steps on Earth that Care was shewn;
 Fearless of Harm in Darkneſs, as in Light;
 Fearful of Sin at Midnight, as at Noon:
 A bloody Croſs was pourtray'd on her Shield,
 Whoſe Sight the Monster ſcarcely could ſuſtain;
 Feeble to gain, yet loth to quit the Field;
 Blaſted and Thunder-ſtruck with chilling Pain;
 When 'gainſt his Head her ſacred Arms ſhe bent,
 Strict Watch, and Faſt ſevere, and Prayer Omnipotent^{[tent,}

XXXVII.

Murm'ring he fled, yet backward turn'd his Face,
 Whom Step by Step th' Angelick Maid pursu'd ;
 Yet oft, as slackning he observ'd her Pace,
 He stay'd his Flight, and Battle fierce renew'd.
 Mean while the yet-remaining neutral Bands,
 Advanc'd with open Look, and friendly Mind ;
 Whose timely March a glorious Pair commands,
Marriage, and *Love* ; unhappy when disjoyn'd ;
 Who over *Lust* the surest Triumph gain'd ;
 Friends to *Religion* firm, by wisest God ordain'd.

XXXVIII.

Love the most general Conqueror here below,
 Whose subtle Nature hard is to be told ;
 Whom all can feel, but few aright can know ;
 Who cheats the crafty, and who fools the old.
 He seem'd of jarring Contraries compos'd,
 To Day sharp-sighted, and to Morrow blind ;

His Beav'our lifted up his Face disclos'd;
 Where simple Faith, and winning Sweetness shin'd;
 High on his Crest sat perch'd a Gall-less Dove,
 Emblem of changeless Truth, and Chastity, and Love;

XXXIX.

Th' immortal Glories of the *Nutbrown Maid*,
 Emblazon'd lively on his Shield appear;
 The various Parts the shifting Lover play'd;
 The Test for humane Frailty too severe.
 Wealth, Ease, and Fame, and Sex she cast behind;
 Where Friendship leads, determin'd to pursue;
 Not Falshood's self could shake her steady Mind
 Firm to the Base, and to the Perjur'd true.
 All but her Vertue, she for *Henry* leaves;
 Love stands the fore Assault, tho' rival'd Woman
[grieves.]

XL.

Sometimes more fleet the swift-foot Pow'r would
 Than Morning Light, or quicker Thought can fly;
[go]

Sometimes with stealing Motion, silent, slow ;
 Unseen, unmark'd, but by the jealous Eye :
 Dauntless, resolv'd, mindless of Perils past,
 Rewarded in an Hour for Years of Pain :
 Trembles his Eye, with modest Awe down-cast,
 Faulters his Tongue, scarce daring to complain ;
 Yet when grown bold their moving Force he tries,
 Manna is on his Tongue, and Witchcraft in his Eyes.

XLI.

Of winged Boys a num'rous Troop he led,
 Whose Shafts both Sexes wound with certain Aim,
 The Wounds not Pain, but doubtful Pleasure bred ;
 For not from Hostile Bows the Arrows came :
 Forgetting Feuds they long to be ally'd,
 And softer Passions on their Bosoms seize :
 Down from their Hands their wrathful Weapons
 Chang'd is their Hatred for Desire to please ;

In sudden Peace the jarring Kinds agree,
 With Reconcilement dear, and cordial Amity.

XLII.

Transform'd by magick Love the Males appear,
 New cast their Natures in a finer Mould ;
 Prudent the Fool, well-natur'd the Severe,
 The wise grew humble, and the Coward bold ;
 Nor less his friendly Darts improve the Fair ;
 Was none or loosely free, or coyly rude ;
 The gay Coquet now liv'd not to ensnare ;
 To meekest passive Woman sunk the Prude :
 Nor could the Brave resist, nor Fearful run,
 For Heav'n made Man to win, and Woman to be
[won.]

XLIII.

Next close to *Love* well-suited *Marriage* came,
 Who Hand in Hand their social Steps advance,
 Kindly as Warmth of Life, her even Flame
 Not Fevers heat, nor flutt'ring Spirits dance ;

Who Pleasure tasted with reflecting Thought,
 Nor Life upbraided for avoidless Pains
 Entail'd on Mortal State ; but wisely fought
 Too flitting Love with long-enduring Chains,
 Of Int'rest and of Duty fast to bind,
 Fountain of chaste Delight, great Parent of Mankind.

XLIV.

Where *Love* had touch'd the Hearts, she joins the
 And grants an holier, and a stronger Tye : ^{[Hands,}
 For Death alone could disunite her Bands,
 Nor shorter Space could Friendship satisfy :
 While thus she joyn'd the Pairs the Matron spoke ;
 Attend, ye Sexes, and my Words approve,
 My Doom nor Male, nor Female shall revoke ;
 Since Nature form'd the Kinds for mutual Love ;
 Your Battle vain, vain is your Anger shown,
 Form more distinguish'd Hate meer Dotage shall at-
 [tone.

XLV.

Tho' Man shall awful Rule o'er Woman bear;
 Not sprung from greater Worth, but Right Di-
 Yet she shall in her Turn Dominion share, [vine ;
 E'er to his Will her Empire she resign :
 But while she reigns her Mercy let her show,
 And well employ the quickly-fleeting Time;
 Not unrewarded shall her Mildness go,
 And strictest Justice shall o'ertake her Crime.
 Gently shall those be rul'd, who gently sway'd ;
 Abject shall those obey, who haughty were obey'd.

XLVI.

Ambition proud, and fordid *Avarice*,
 Two mighty Troublers of the World were near,
 Abhorr'd by all Men, when without Disguise,
 But now the Garb of *Love* they chose to wear.
Ambition stooping popularly low,
 Still pleaded publick Welfare not his own ;

Dissembling deep, yet unreserv'd in show,

Imposing all Things, but believing none:

Whose subtle Wit could cross Events command,

Scorner of Heav'n and Earth, his God his own right
[Hand.

XLVII.

Skill'd in the various Turns of giddy Tides,

With dextrous Timeing of his watchful Skill,

With cool Disdain, the Preacher he derides,

Who marks th' eternal Bounds of Good and Ill :

By him were Princes barr'd of equal Love,

And lost to Quiet if they Greatness prize,

Oppress'd with State unwillingly they move,

Crown'd are the Victims dragg'd, to sacrifice.

Absent unknown and undear'd they wed,

Mean while the naked Sword divides the loveless Bed.

XLVIII.

Next, close to him, crept *Avarice* the Old,

Quick to receive, but ever slow to pay,

Want-

Wanting for fear of Want, adoring Gold,
 Nearer his Inn, more careful for his Way;
 His flinty Breast could ne'er Compassion show,
 He pity Weakness, Virtue Folly calls,
 Friendless, and to himself the deadliest Foe.
 Hardned he lives, and unrepenting falls.
 He blooming Youth to palsied Age would tye,
 To raise and to enrich, would end his Family.

XLIX.

These Traitors mask'd like *Love*, in Marriage
 [joyn'd
 Thousands by Nature form'd to disagree;
 While thoughtless Youth, the future List not mind,
 And Age dim-sighted help'd their Treachery.
 Their Pairs were soon distinguish'd by th'Event;
 Unkind Reproach, too biting to endure,
 Pining Distrust, and brawling Discontent,
 Curs'd Jealousy, which Heaven alone can cure.

Foul perjur'd Guilt, sad Caufer of Divorce ;
 And late Repentance vain, of Hell it self the Source.

L.

Forgive the Voice that useful Fiction sings ;
 Not impious Tales of Deities impure,
 Not Faults of breathless Queens, or living Kings,
 In open Treason, or in Veils obscure:
 What here I write, each knowing Eye will see
 To all but Brutes or Angels must belong :
 Still will the Sexes jar, and still agree ;
 And each Days Truth shall moralize my Song.
 Still will each Sex for Sov'reignty contend :

Wars with the World begun, with that alone shall
 [end.]

F I N I S.



